

But here was a man mourning tomorrow, he drank, but finally drowned in his sorrow
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But here was a man mourning tomorrow, he drank, but finally drowned in his sorrow

by [EthanTheAnnus](#)

Summary

It had been a full day since George had arrived, and he had said he was only going to stay for a week, but Dream found he'd almost immediately offered for him to stay longer. The way George's face lit up upon hearing that was intoxicating, and it drew Dream in, in a way he knew he wasn't supposed to let himself feel but it had happened regardless.

Somehow, he started spending his days just trying to get George to laugh, or even smile; it was selfish, in a way, knowing he did it for the burst of warmth that would flood his chest upon seeing George happy, but Dream reasoned that if he wasn't making George feel *bad* emotions, then it couldn't be *that* selfish... right?

-OR-

Dream's convinced he doesn't have a soulmate, and he's determined not to let himself feel anything beyond the platonic for anyone... Which is pretty hard to do when he's got a raging crush on George.

Notes

It's the soulmate au where if you lose something, it turns up in your soulmate's

room/wherever they're currently staying!!!

Title is lyrics from A Sadness Runs Through Him

For most of his life Dream had known he didn't have a soulmate; everything he lost showed up again within two days, and nothing but his own belongings could be found anywhere in his room. He watched, as the years passed, his friends chatter excitedly about whatever new object had shown up in their room, or lament what item they'd lost with a sparkle in their gaze that only someone who could wonder what their soulmate would think of their things could.

At first, it had stung; he'd desperately wished to be proven wrong, and every time soulmates were mentioned there would be a physical pain in his chest. Soon, however, he grew numb to it. He learned to stop grieving over something he'd never had in the first place, and was even able to smile and feel happy for the people he knew when they found their soulmates.

It was only late at night, when sleep wouldn't come to him, that Dream found himself curled in on himself, his heart aching with a pain he didn't dare name. He wondered what he'd done wrong, what had happened for the universe to deny him a soulmate.

Not having a soulmate was rare, but no impossible. When he'd first truly realised he didn't have a soulmate, in his early teens, Dream had watched every documentary and interview with soulmate-less people he could find. All of them were the same at their core; the rough childhood where everyone else had soulmates while they didn't, then the gradual acceptance as they grew older.

Only one of the interviews he watched was about two soulmate-less people who decided to be together. Dream doubted he'd ever be so lucky; what were the chances of finding not only another person who's soulmate-less, but who would want to be with him, and who he would want to be with? He'd pretty much resigned himself to a life alone at this point.

This didn't mean he didn't feel, didn't fall for people, didn't dream of somehow finding out they were his, but underneath it all, he knew it wasn't true. They had their soulmates, and their soulmates weren't him. Eventually, he closed his feelings off, never letting himself form attachments beyond anything platonic.

Then he met a boy on a Minecraft server, and everything changed.

George had always been kinder than most. While others liked to pull pranks and laugh, he would try to make others smile, and would check on them if they seemed down, or were injured.

Maybe, that was why, he never kept anything from his soulmate. Where his friends would show up wearing a hoodie that was their soulmates, or would have a pen, or *something*, George kept none of it. He would deliberately lose the item again the moment it showed up in his room; he didn't want to unintentionally keep his soulmate's favourite hoodie or anything.

His friends would constantly ask if he'd found anything from his soulmate, and he would simply smile, and shake his head. The truth was that he'd gotten so many of his soulmates things over the years; hoodies, toys, pens, even a notebook at one point. He'd always dutifully lose them again as soon as possible, knowing his soulmate was probably searching for their missing things, maybe even in a panic.

It never occurred to him that his soulmate might think they didn't have a soulmate. George was a very neat person, and always had been, so the most that went missing was things he wouldn't even notice; a pen, an eraser, maybe a paper clip.

It had been drilled into him at a young age never to lose things, as they would end up with your soulmate, and god knows when you'd meet them, if ever. You might never recover the things you'd lost, and for that reason and that reason only, George was always careful with his belongings.

The day he met on boy on a Minecraft server, a boy who claimed he didn't have a soulmate, George didn't think anything of it.

Dream wouldn't, couldn't let himself fall; all he could afford was a friendship, nothing more.

George was entranced almost instantly, barely daring to hope that his new friend could be his soulmate, but dreaming of it anyway.

Dream didn't dare acknowledge his feelings, didn't dare put a name to the warmth in his chest, or the fact that he finally found himself with a smile that actually met his eyes, and instead threw himself into work, into editing, and his videos, and reminded himself that George most definitely had a soulmate waiting for him, somewhere.

George knew he'd fallen hard, and despite the fact that Dream was one of the soulmate-less, and George knowing that he himself had a soulmate somewhere in the world, he'd fallen, and he wasn't going to deny it.

There was a reason Dream panicked anytime George suggested meeting in person; a reason he never showed his face online. He knocked back George's requests to meet, offered up shitty excuses as to why they couldn't meet up, and tried to ignore the way his chest flared with pain at the disappointment radiating through his computer screen.

It was when George was trying to think of how he could possibly get Dream to actually agree to meet up that he spotted the newest item from his soulmate; a black hoodie, crumpled in the corner of his room. George got up, and picked it up, with every intention of immediately losing it again, but something about the softness of the fabric stopped him.

Moving almost as if on autopilot, he slipped the hoodie over his head. It was soft, and warm, and it smelled *nice*. It was oversized on him, very oversized, and it made George feel oddly safe.

It couldn't hurt if he kept it, just for a little while, right?

It had been two days since Dream lost his hoodie. It was nowhere to be found, and something akin to hope flared inside him. Was it possible he hadn't truly lost anything before, and that only now something had ended up with his soulmate?

On the other hand, Dream had really, really liked that hoodie... He hoped his soulmate did too.

After he'd had the hoodie four days, George finally decided it was time to send it back. He'd miss it, this small piece of his soulmate, but he was sure his soulmate would want it back.

Dream stared down at the black hoodie, crumpled in the corner of his room where he'd been sure he'd checked a million times before. Disappointment stung him, and he was surprised to feel the prick of tears in his eyes; he angrily wiped at his eyes, determined not to cry. Why had he let his hopes get up anyway?

He kicked at the hoodie, crumpling it further, then turned and left it where it lay. If he had picked it up, maybe he'd have noticed the change in smell, the traces of his soulmate's scent, but instead he flopped onto his bed and rolled over to face away from it.

When Dream once again made excuses for not being able to meet up in person, George had had enough. He knew he had to do *something* or else they'd never meet. By that night, George had a plane ticket, and something that vaguely resembled a plan.

Dream didn't think anything of Sapnap asking to meet up with him in a park decently close to his own house, nor did he suspect when he arrived and Sapnap wasn't there waiting. Instead, he just started to make his way towards one of the many park benches, then stopped in his tracks as he spotted someone already sitting there.

It was George, scrolling aimlessly through his phone. Dream debated just leaving; George had no

clue what he looked like, and he could just walk away, right now. He felt rooted to the spot the second he thought about leaving, though, and he suddenly realised that he couldn't.

George had flown here, to meet *him*, and he took a breath in, then another. He took one step forward, trying to quiet his mind, and trying to ignore the question of whether or not George would like him. Would he be disappointed by the way he looked?

Giving his head the tiniest shake to clear it, he made his way over to the bench, sitting down in the space next to George, who didn't look up. Dream took in a small breath. There was no turning back now.

"You're shorter than I thought you'd be." The second the words left his mouth, Dream mentally started hitting himself. Why was *that* the first thing he said?

George's head snapped up at breakneck speed; Dream was honestly surprised he didn't snap his neck in half. His expression made Dream think of a kid on Christmas, with the stupidly big smile and all.

"*Dream!*" George practically launched himself at Dream, engulfing him in a tight hug and nearly knocking him backwards. Dream let out a small laugh as he brought his arms up and around George to return the embrace.

A part of Dream dimly wondered why he'd put this meeting off for so long, but he'd have time to think about that later. Right now, he'd focus on the fact that he was meeting one of his closest friends for the first time in his life, and the warm feeling in his chest.

Time passed in moments for George; him sitting on the bench in the park by himself, scrolling through his phone and occasionally glancing up before remembering he had no clue what Dream looked like; Dream's voice from beside him; hugging Dream; Dream taking him back to his house; George sitting on the couch; falling asleep to Dream talking passionately about some new video idea.

When George finally dragged his eyes open, blurry with sleep, the sun was filtering into Dream's living room. He smiled, letting the warmth of the rays wash over him as it really, truly sunk in that he was *here*, and he'd actually met his best friend.

Finally, he actually got up, taking the time to look around for a moment. As he blinked the last of the sleepiness from his eyes, he realised the house was very quiet. That was when he spotted a sticky note on the coffee table in front of him; it was a small note saying Dream had gone out to get some things, and George found himself smiling at the thought of Dream scribbling down a note instead of waking him.

Dream had shown him around earlier, and though George fully planned on taking full advantage of being told he could have whatever from the kitchen, he decided on prioritising what was important; checking his phone. As he opened discord, notifications popping into his view, he heard a small, almost inaudible creak from behind him.

“Oh Geooooorge,” came Dream’s sing-song voice before George could even begin to turn around, startling him enough that he fell right off the couch, landing awkwardly on his back.

“*Dream!*” George hissed as he pushed himself upright, but Dream was already doubled over in laughter. After a moment, George found himself smiling; after all, he couldn’t stay mad at Dream for long.

It had been a full day since George had arrived, and he had said he was only going to stay for a week, but Dream found he’d almost immediately offered for him to stay longer. The way George’s face lit up upon hearing that was intoxicating, and it drew Dream in, in a way he knew he wasn’t supposed to let himself feel but it had happened regardless.

Somehow, he started spending his days just trying to get George to laugh, or even smile; it was selfish, in a way, knowing he did it for the burst of warmth that would flood his chest upon seeing George happy, but Dream reasoned that if he wasn’t making George feel *bad* emotions, then it couldn’t be *that* selfish... right?

Dream pushed aside any reminder that George was only visiting, pushed aside the thought that soon he wouldn’t be here, that he’d be gone home, back to the UK, and Dream would be alone again. He kept his focus on the present, on the next way he could make George smile, or laugh.

And he tried his damndest to ignore the way he felt whenever George would give him a hug.

George liked being here, in the US, with Dream. He liked the easy routine they'd fallen into, he liked that their dynamic in person wasn't that different from their dynamic online, and most of all, he liked the fact that he could just reach out and hug Dream at any given moment.

Dream didn't give out physical affection really, and had initiated probably one hug during George's entire stay, but he didn't mind. He was perfectly content to barrel full-force into an unsuspecting Dream at random moments, to let his hand ghost across Dream's shoulders as he walked by him in the kitchen, or standing close enough that their arms brushed against each other.

It was about four days into his stay, on a cool evening when they had barely started watching a movie, that George decided to lean against Dream. He felt Dream tense up, only for a second, then relax again.

They stayed like that, George leaned against Dream's shoulder, for the rest of the movie.

It was getting harder for Dream to remember why he'd made a rule against having any feelings beyond the platonic. Everytime George smiled, or pressed his hand to the middle of Dream's back to steady himself as he squeezed past him in Dream's tiny ass kitchen, his brain seemed to fill with static and his chest with warmth.

He'd have to constantly remind himself that he had no soulmate, and George did, that George had someone out there waiting for him, someone who wasn't Dream. Someone who was probably ten times nicer than Dream could ever be, someone George truly deserved.

Still, Dream couldn't bring himself to deny the things he felt, couldn't stop the stupidly giddy way he felt when George would shoot him that lopsided grin, or stop himself from laying awake for hours most nights, staring wide eyed at his ceiling as he remembered for the billionth time that George was here with him.

Maybe, just for the duration of George's stay, he could forget about the world, and soulmates, and pretend, for just a moment, that George was his.

George's heart seemed to hurt more and more with each passing day, a longing ache in his chest for something- or rather, some *one* - he couldn't have. Everything about Dream drew him in, and everything rational in George's brain seemed to throw him back out.

Still, George couldn't help the way his heart would skip a beat whenever Dream's gaze met his. The rhythm they'd fallen into was simple and easy, interspersed with Dream loudly complaining of losing something, only for George to laugh and call to him from the lounge room, or the kitchen, or sometimes the guest room where he was staying to tell him the thing he'd lost was, in fact, right there.

So when yet another item from George's soulmate, a soft, light gray hoodie, showed up in the guest room one morning, George couldn't help but feel a little annoyed about it's arrival. He picked it up, staring at it for far too long, wanting to scream his frustrations to the heavens.

If the universe had given him a soulmate, why couldn't it have been Dream?

Dream hated losing things. He knew he had no soulmate to keep them safe, no way to guarantee he'd ever see them again. So, naturally, he was pretty frantic upon realising one of his favourite hoodies, a soft, light gray one, had gone missing.

Dream was opening and closing cupboards in the kitchen (just in case, who knows, he *could* have put it in with the bowls by accident) when George stumbled in, yawning loudly. Dream turned to him, about to ask if he'd possibly seen the hoodie, but the words died in his throat.

George was standing before him, the absolute epitome of sleepy, in none other than the hoodie Dream had been looking for. His brain seemed to stop functioning for a moment as he took in the sight; the hoodie was ridiculously oversized on George, coming down almost to his knees, and it made him look absolutely *adorable* .

"Where did you get that?" was the only thing Dream managed to say, trying to collect his thoughts enough to be able to function again.

“It’s my soulmate’s.” George yawned again, blinking, then stared at Dream in a way that seemed to convey some semblance of concern. “Why?”

“No, it... It can’t be.” Dream took a second to breathe in. “It can’t be, because that... that’s *mine*.”

George rolled over in bed, smiling as his nose brushed with Dream’s. It had taken some explaining, but he’d finally, *finally* been able to convince Dream that it wasn’t a prank.

George couldn’t believe how stupid he’d been; all his life he’d worried about whether his soulmate would miss things and didn’t stop to wonder if he could end up convincing his soulmate that they didn’t have a soulmate. Dream had suffered with that thought for so long, and George could only hope he could fix that now; he’d never stop trying to pay him back for the pain he’d caused, never stop showing how much he loved him at every chance he got.

“What’re you thinking about?” Dream’s voice was sleepy, and George felt himself melting, just a little.

“You,” came his simple, easy reply. Their lips met for a soft, gentle kiss before George snuggled in close, tucking his head under Dream’s chin and feeling the way Dream’s hold tightened protectively around him.

George wouldn’t give up this moment, not for anything in the world.

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